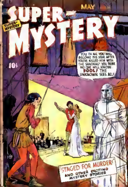
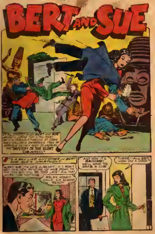
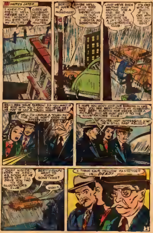
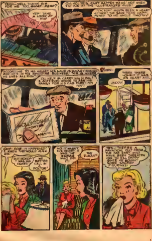
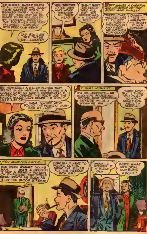
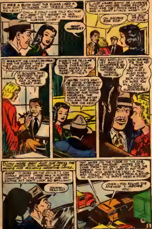

SUPER-MYSTERY
SUPER-MYSTERY
MAY
10¢
YOU THINK YOU WILL BECOME THE STAR AFTER YOU'VE KILLED HIM WITH THE SANDBAG! YOU THINK NO ONE WILL KNOW. FOOL! THE UNKNOWN SEES ALL!
STAGED FOR MURDER!
AND OTHER EXCITING MYSTERY STORIES

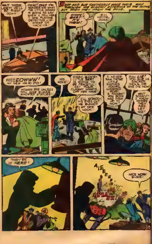

BERT AND SUE
IT ALL STARTED WHEN BERT AND SUE [illegible] A CORPSE ON A TAXI RIDE! WITH A FABULOUS FORTUNE AT STAKE THEY FOLLOW A DANGEROUS TRAIL OF INTRIGUE AS THEY SEEK TO UNRAVEL THE "MYSTERY OF THE SILENT DEATH!"
IT'S A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER IN BERT AND SUE'S APARTMENT
HURRY SUE — I'M LATE ALREADY! IF I DON'T GET THIS NEW PAINTING OF MINE DOWN TO THE EXHIBIT IT'LL BE TOO LATE! ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHING!
RELAX HONEY-CHILE. I'M ALMOST READY
AND NOW IT'S RAINING! WE'LL HAVE TO GRAB A CAB
THERE — ALL SET! HOW DO I LOOK?

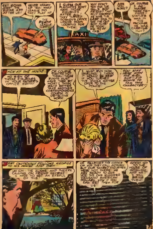

MINUTES LATER
I KNEW IT— I KNEW IT! WE'LL NEVER GET A TAXI! NOBODY WILL EVER SEE MY PICTURE!
CHEER UP, HUSBAND! WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE FIFTEEN MINUTES
BERT! HE HAS A PASSENGER!
MAYBE HE'LL LET US RIDE WITH HIM! THEY'RE GOING IN OUR DIRECTION! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING!
—AND WE'VE BEEN WAITING AND WAITING FOR A CAB! BE A GOOD JOE AND GIVE US A LIFT TO THE ILLUSTRATOR'S CLUB!
IT'S OKE WITH ME, BUD— IF IT'S OKE WITH HIM! ASK THE OLD GENT!
ER—I BEG YOUR PARDON! DO YOU MIND IF WE RIDE WITH YOU? CAN YOU HEAR ME? HE MUST'VE HAD A TOUGH NIGHT, BERT!
WELL, I'M HAVING A TOUGH DAY! FILE IN! HE WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!
I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND OUR BARGING IN LIKE THIS! YOU SEE, BERT—THAT'S MY HUSBAND—HAS BEEN SLAVING FOR WEEKS OVER A PICTURE AND WE MUST GET IT TO THE ILLUSTRATOR'S CLUB...
YOU'RE NOT IMPRESSING HIM! HE'S STILL FAST ASLEEP!
OKAY, MISTER! HERE WE ARE! AS SOON AS HE GETS OFF I'LL DRIVE YOU TWO TO THE ILLUSTRATOR'S CLUB
BERT! GULP! WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING?
WHAT?
I THINK OUR FELLOW PASSENGER IS DEAD!

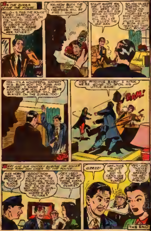

YEAH—WELL THANK HIM FOR ME, TOO. WHAT? DEAD?
YEP! TAKE A LOOK AT HIM!
OH NO! THIS CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME! NOT WHEN I'M DUE AT THE ILLUSTRATORS CLUB!
TCK, TCK! MUSTA BEEN A HEART ATTACK! THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME UNCLE TIMOTHY!
ACCORDING TO HIS WALLET HIS NAME IS HADLEY GOSHEN AND HE'S IN THE IMPORTING BUSINESS! THIS IS WHERE HE LIVES ALL RIGHT!
I'LL HELP YA CARRY HIM IN, PAL! I AIN'T EVEN GOING TO ASK HIS FAMILY FOR HIS CAB FARE! TCK TCK!
HADLEY GOSHEN
IMPORTER
AVENUE
THEN...
THERE, THERE HONEY! IT WAS HIS HEART AND...
DADDY!
OHH—SOB—IT HAPPENED! I KNEW THEY WOULD KILL HIM
BUT HONEY—IT WAS HIS HEART!
WE BETTER CALL IN A DOCTOR!
NO IT WASN'T HIS HEART! IT WAS THE ZUKAS WHO DID IT!
THE ZUKAS?
YES—THEY'RE A FANATICAL CULT FROM THE FAR EAST WHO HAVE BEEN THREATENING TO KILL DADDY SINCE HE BOUGHT SOME SACRED FIGURINES!


THE ZUKAS SWEAR DEATH TO ALL INFIDELS WHO TOUCH THEIR SACRED IDOLS. I BEGGED DADDY TO GET RID OF THEM BUT HE REFUSED TO BE BULLDOZED BY HEATHENS. BESIDES, THE FIGURINES ARE VERY VALUABLE -- COVERED WITH PRECIOUS GEMS
DID YOU EVER SEE THESE EE-ZUKAS?
YES. THEY'RE LITTLE MEN WHO WEAR TURBANS ON THEIR HEAD!
B-BUT BERT HOW COULD THEY KILL HIM? HER FATHER WAS IN A CLOSED TAXI!
BERT MAKES A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE BODY AND FINALLY
THERE THAT NEEDLE SEE IT? I'LL BET IT'S PLENTY POISONOUS AND FIXED MR GOSHEN FOR GOOD!
OHHH-- THEN IT WASN'T HIS HEART IT WAS MURDER
BUT HOW COULD A KILLER PLUNGE THAT NEEDLE IN HIS NECK HE WAS SITTING IN A CLOSED CAB WE SAW IT OURSELVES! IF ANYBODY OPENED THE DOOR JOE THE HACKIE WOULD HAVE HEARD HE DIDN'T HEAR ANY CRY!
HMM MAYBE WE'VE FOUND THE PERFECT MURDER AT LAST
AT THAT MOMENT
I'M DR. LAWRENCE -- MR GOSHEN'S PHYSICIAN. DO YOU MIND STEPPING OUTSIDE WHILE I EXAMINE HIM
SURE, DOC! BUT I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT A NEEDLE
TEN MINUTES LATER
YOU WERE RIGHT YOUNG MAN! IT WAS A NEEDLE! IT HAD A DEADLY POISON ON IT -- POISON THAT WOULD MEAN DEATH AS SOON AS IT HIT THE BLOOD STREAM!
NOW ALL I HAVE TO FIGURE OUT IS HOW THE KILLER PUT THE NEEDLE INTO HIM!
HMM I WONDER IF A BLOW GUN..
BERT WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT?


IT WAS A BLOW GUN! THE ZUKAS USED A BLOW GUN TO PLUNGE THAT NEEDLE INTO HIS NECK!
OH! — I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT BUT HOW? AND WHEN? HE WAS ALONE IN THE TAXI. IT'S A PERFECT MURDER LOVER
WHAT MURDER?
I JUST HEARD EDITH! DR. LAWRENCE TOLD ME! WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE? IT WAS A HEART ATTACK WASN'T IT?
OH, GEORGE SOB SOB!
THE BOY FRIEND, NO DOUBT!
IT WASN'T HIS HEART, GEORGE! IT WAS THE ZUKAS! THEY — THEY KILLED HIM WITH A POISONED NEEDLE!
IT SOUNDS FAR FETCHED TO ME! YOU KNOW HE HAD A WEAK HEART AND...
SOMETHING TELLS ME I DON'T LIKE THAT SMUG CHARACTER! WHAT MAKES HIM SO SURE HE HAD A HEART ATTACK?
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS EVERYBODY TO BELIEVE! LET'S GO DOWN TO GOSHEN'S OFFICE AND SNOOP AROUND FOR THOSE FIGURINES. THE ZUKAS ARE AFTER. I'LL ASK THE GIRL FOR THE KEY
YOU SHOULDN'T LET AMATEUR SNOOPERS GO THROUGH YOUR FATHER'S THINGS, DARLING!
HUSH GEORGE! IT'S THE KEY I TRUST BOTH OF YOU AND I ALSO KNOW OF YOUR REPUTATION! I'M SURE YOU WILL CATCH DADDY'S MURDERERS!
6 NEXT MORNING, BERT AND SUE PRESS THE TAXI DRIVER INTO SERVICE AND HE HEADS FOR GOSHEN'S IMPORTING OFFICE...
BRRR IT GIVES ME THE CHILLS! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THERE WAS A MURDER COMMITTED IN THIS CAB. WHAT ARE YOU GAPING AT? DON'T LOOK SO BRILLIANT!
HMMM YEAHHH!
THAT WATER ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAB STARTED ME THINKING. WHERE DID IT COME FROM? THE OPEN ROOF. THAT'S THE OPENING THE KILLER USED TO PUT THAT NEEDLE INTO GOSHEN'S NECK! A TALL MAN COULD REACH OVER FROM A STANDING POSITION. HE DIDN'T NEED A DOOR
LOVER — YOU FOUND THE ANSWER! I ADORE YOU

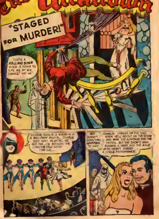

WAIT THERE, JOEY! WE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN
OKAY! ONLY I'M WONDERING WHAT THE LITTLE WOMAN IS GOING TO SAY WHEN I TELL HER I WAS PLAYING DETECTIVE -- 'N STEAD OF HACKING
BERT AND SUE CAUTIOUSLY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE GLOOMY EXTERIOR OF THE OFFICE BUT WHEN THEY OPEN THE DOOR.
SHHH! BERT! IT'S THEM!
KILL WHITE DOGS
EEEEEOWWW! MY NEW HAIR-DO!
WOMAN DIE UNLESS YOU GIVE ZUKAS SACRED STATUES
NO MOVE
OKAY, BOYS-- LITTLE BERT IS GOING TO BE PEACEFUL. GET YOUR CLAMMY HANDS OFF HER HAIR
I'LL SCRATCH HIS EYES OUT HE RUINED MY NEW LOOK
I NEVER SAW THOSE LITTLE STATUES YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. I THOUGHT YOU BOYS HAD THEM UP TO NOW?
YOU LIE! YOU GIVE US SACRED IDOLS OR SHE DIE NOW
WAIT SONNY-- I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE LET GO!
THEY'RE IN HERE!
AIEEEEE...
SPLASH!
NICE WORK SUSIE!

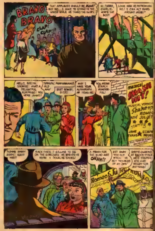

GET GOING JOEY! THE ZUKAS ARE AFTER US!
NEVER HEARD OF 'EM! WHAT LEAGUE DO THEY PLAY IN?
THE DEATH LEAGUE, HURRY!
I GUESS OUR PLAYMATES DON'T HAVE THOSE FIGURINES AFTER ALL, THEY TURNED GOSHEN'S OFFICE UPSIDE DOWN LOOKING FOR THEM
WHY DON'T YOU ASK THE GAL'S BOY FRIEND? THAT GUY GEORGE! HE WAS THE LAST ONE TO SEE THE OLD BOY ALIVE! HE TOOK HIM TO MY CAB!
TAXI
ARE YOU SURE?
OF COURSE I AM! MAYBE THOSE FIG-FIGER-STATUES WAS IN THE PACKAGE HE WAS CARRYING HUH?
BACK AT THE HOUSE
NO SIGN OF THOSE FIGURINES IN YOUR FATHER'S OFFICE EDITH!
OF COURSE THEY'RE NOT THERE! THOSE ZUKAS MUST HAVE THEM BY NOW! I THINK YOU'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN DETECTIVE WORK
I MUST RUN NOW, DARLING! I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU TURNED THE WHOLE MATTER OVER TO THE POLICE
YOU STAY HERE WITH THE GIRL, SIS—I'M GOING TO TAIL THIS CHARACTER!
BERT CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWS GEORGE TO HIS HOUSE AND THEN—
UH OH—THE ZUKAS AND THEY'RE CALLING ON FRIEND GEORGE! I HAVE TO GET AN EARFUL OF THIS!
WE SEARCHED THE OFFICE OF HIM THEY CALL GOSHEN BUT OUR SACRED FIGURINES WERE NOT THERE. WE ARE READY TO GIVE YOU THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND AMERICAN DOLLARS NOW IF YOU CAN GET THEM FOR US
GOOD. GO TO THE HOUSE OF GOSHEN AND WAIT. I WILL BRING THEM

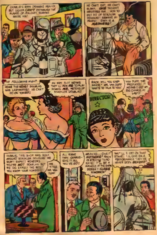

S THE ZUKAS LEAVE THE HOUSE
HELLO— IS THIS THE POLICE? LISTEN CAREFULLY. A FANATICAL TRIO IS ON ITS WAY TO MURDER EDITH GOSHEN AT 29 GROVE STREET. THEY'RE THE SAME MEN WHO KILLED HER FATHER!
HA—NOW BOTH THE MONEY AND THE FIGURINES WILL BE MINE. WHA—
STAND WHERE YOU ARE! I SUSPECTED YOU WERE WISE TO ME—BUT FOR BEING SO NOSEY I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU LIKE I KILLED THE OLD MAN
SO, YOU TALKED GOSHEN INTO LETTING YOU HOLD THE FIGURINES FOR SAFE KEEPING AND THEN YOU KILLED HIM WITH A BLOW GUN THROUGH THAT TAXI ROOF!
YES—IT'S A WONDERFUL GADGET THIS BLOW GUN. NO FUSS AND BOTHER. I SAVED A SPECIAL NEEDLE FOR YOU AND I DARE SAY YOUR MURDER WILL BE BLAMED ON THE ZUKAS TOO!
NICE PITCHING BABY! I THINK WE'RE GOING TO SPOIL HIS LITTLE GAME
BAM!
ERT AND SUE QUICKLY SUBDUE THE KILLER AND TURN HIM OVER TO THE POLICE
NICE WORK BERT. WE PICKED UP THOSE ZUKAS TOO!
GOOD! NOW YOU HAVE THE KILLER AND THE FIGURINES TO GO ALONG WITH THEM. BUT I'M ON MY WAY TO THE ILLUSTRATORS' CLUB! WHERE'S MY PICTURE?
JOEY USED IT TO ROUND UP SOME OF THOSE ZUKAS, DIDN'T YOU DEARIE?
GRRRR!
HEY—THIS IS JUST WHAT I DID TO CATCH ONE OF THOSE ZUKAS!
YES—AND THANKS YOU'VE SPARED THE ART-LOVING PUBLIC
THE END

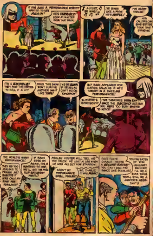
The Unknown

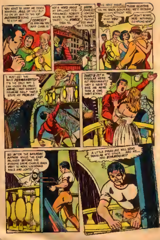
"STAGED FOR MURDER!"

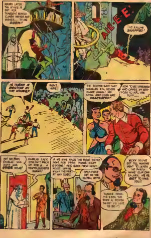

THAT'S A FALLING STAR WHICH IS GOING TO GIVE ME MY BIG CHANCE! HA! HA!
CHARLIE RACK IS A STAND-IN IN A BROADWAY MUSICAL. CHARLIE ISN'T VERY TALENTED. HE GOT THE JOB BECAUSE THE DIRECTOR FELT SORRY FOR HIM....
WHY DOESN'T SOMETHING HAPPEN TO HIM?
CHARLIE DREAMS OF THE TIME WHEN HE'LL GO OUT ON THE STAGE AND WOW THE AUDIENCE AND THE CRITICS. BUT THE SHOW'S BEEN RUNNING A YEAR AND THE MALE LEAD HASN'T MISSED A SINGLE PERFORMANCE.

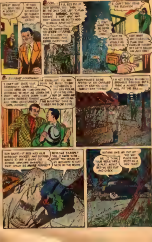

BRAVO BRAVO
CLAP! CLAP!
THAT APPLAUSE SHOULD BE MINE! BUT NO... I HAVE TO STAND IN THE WINGS WHILE HE TAKES THE GLORY.
HI THERE, CHARLIE. HOW'S THE BOY?
LOOK HOW HE PATRONIZES ME! I CAN ACT RINGS AROUND HIM!
HELLO, EVELYN... GEORGE... WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE! YOU WERE HERE, ANNE?
TERRIFIC PERFORMANCE, OLD MAN!
BEST ROMEO EVER!
MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MR. DOUGLAS
YOU WERE SIMPLY WONDERFUL!
MUSICAL SMASH HIT!
MUSICAL VERSION Shakesp ROMEO and JULIET
starring
JANE EVANS ★ SCHUY DOUG
THANKS, EVERYBODY. GOOD NIGHT.
BACK THERE, IT'S GALLING TO BE ON THE SIDELINES. WE DESERVE HERE... IN DOUGLAS' SHOES!
A PENNY FOR THE BLIND MAN! OHHH!!
GET AWAY, YOU OLD WITCH! I'VE GOT TROUBLES OF MY OWN!
ENVY'S GNAWING AT RACK'S VITALS. HE'S DESPERATE AND READY FOR ANYTHING!
Romeo & Juliet
ROMEO

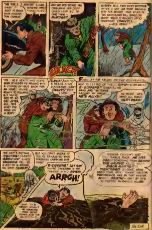

CHARLIE'S BEEN DRINKING HEAVILY BUT LIQUOR CAN'T EXTINGUISH THE FLAMES OF JEALOUSY BURNING INSIDE HIM!
HE CAN'T EAT, HE CAN'T SLEEP. ONE THOUGHT OBSESSES HIM... HOW TO GET RID OF SCHUYLER DOUGLAS! BEWARE MY FRIEND! ENVY IS A MADNESS!
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT
HEAR THE NEWS? DOUGLAS HAS LARYNGITIS! HE CAN'T GO ON TONIGHT!
MY WAY! THAT MEANS THEY'LL ASK ME TO PLAY ROMEO. ME, INSTEAD OF SCHUYLER DOUGLAS!
RACK, WILL YOU STEP INSIDE? MR. VAN DUFF WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!
VAN DUFF THE PRODUCER! IT MEANS I GET MY BIG CHANCE AT LAST!!
DIRECTOR
CHARLIE, THIS SHOW HAS BUILT AROUND SCHUYLER DOUGLAS. WE DON'T EXPECT WONDERS. YOU'RE NOT DOUGLAS BUT WE DO EXPECT THE BEST! YOU KNOW YOUR LINES?
ER... Y-YES MR. VAN DUFF!
ALL RIGHT THEN CHARLIE-- GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT!
MEANING-- GIVE IT NOTHING! RACK IS STRICTLY THIRD RATE... IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF THE SHOW DOESN'T CLOSE TOMORROW!
WAIT'LL I GET ON THAT STAGE! I'LL GIVE 'EM A PERFORMANCE THEY'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

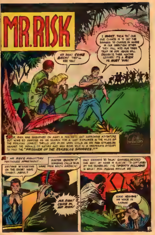

IT WAS ALSO A PERFORMANCE NOBODY WANTED TO SEE AGAIN!
HE'S TERRIBLE! LOOK AT HIM TRIP OVER THAT PROP.
♪ J-JULIET, BE MINE! ♫ ♪ ♫
HE SINGS LIKE A FROG! HE'S AWFUL!
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!
YOU CALL THIS CAN SING BETTER THAN THAT STAND-IN!
IT'S A SWINDLE! THEY PAID THE CRITICS TO CALL IT A HIT!
FRED, THE SHOW WON'T SURVIVE ANOTHER NIGHT LIKE THIS!
WE'RE SUNK IF DOUGLAS CAN'T GO ON TOMORROW!
BUT RACK APPEARED FOR CURTAIN CALLS AS IF HE'D TURNED IN A DAZZLING PERFORMANCE!!
W-WHERE'S EVERYBODY?
THE THEATRE'S BEEN EMPTY SINCE THE SECOND ACT BUT YOU WERE TOO BUSY SINGING TO NOTICE!
THE WORLD'S WORST PERFORMANCE!
IF RACK GOES ON AGAIN, IT'S A HUNDRED TO ONE, WE'LL GET THE PINK SLIP SATURDAY NIGHT!!
THEY'RE TOO JEALOUS TO PRAISE ME! BESIDES IT WAS ONLY MY FIRST PERFORMANCE!
PEELER FOSTER WILL TELL ME THE TRUTH. HE LOST A LEG WHEN HE WAS ALL SET FOR STARDOM.
WASN'T MY PERFORMANCE SWELL, PEELER?
NO, CHARLIE, IT WAS PUNK!
FACE FACTS CHARLIE. YOU'RE A SECOND RATER! YOU CAN'T SING AND DANCE LIKE DOUGLAS!
YOU'RE EATEN UP WITH JEALOUSY BECAUSE I'LL BE A STAR WHILE YOU'LL STILL BE A JANITOR'S ASSISTANT!!

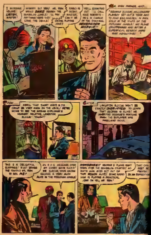

YOU WANT TO KEEP ME DOWN FOREVER, ALL OF YOU! BUT I'M ON MY WAY TO THE TOP. NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP ME.
CONCEIT IS RUINING YOU MAN CHARLIE!
NOT A WORD ABOUT MY BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE! NOBODY WANTS TO ADMIT MY TALENT. I'LL FORCE THEM TO.
HOW, CHARLIE? HOW CAN YOU MAKE PEOPLE SEE WHAT ISN'T THERE?
THE NEXT NIGHT...
THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE BACK, DOUGLAS! WE'D BE SUNK WITHOUT YOU.
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK
DON'T WORRY. NOW NOTHING'LL GO WRONG NOW!
I MUST GET THE ROLE PERMANENTLY! IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN KNOCK 'EM DEAD AGAIN. WHY DOESN'T DOUGLAS FALL? THAT'D SOLVE MY PROBLEM!
THAT'S IT! IF DOUGLAS WERE OUT PERMANENTLY THEY'D HAVE TO GIVE ME MORE THAN A ONE NIGHT STAND!
SO AFTER THE SATURDAY MATINEE WHILE THE CAST RELAXED BEFORE THE EVENING SHOW, CHARLIE BACK WENT TO WORK LOOSENING NAILS AND JOINTS!
A LITTLE PRESSURE WILL SEND DOUGLAS INTO SPACE... AND ME... INTO STARDOM!!

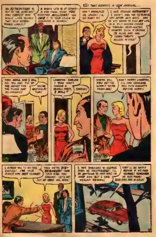

HOURS LATER THE STAGE IS SET FOR TRAGEDY! ROMEO CLIMBS HIGHER AND HIGHER... TO HIS DOOM!
AIE-E-E!
THE RAILING SNAPPED!
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?
RIGHT HERE.
THE DOCTOR SAID THAT DOUGLAS WILL NEVER DANCE AGAIN! HIS SPINE AND LEGS ARE FRACTURED!
NOW TO GET DRESSED AND OFFER MY SERVICES TO MR. VAN DUFF...
NOT SO FAST, CHARLIE. VAN DUFF HAS OTHER IDEAS!
CHARLIE JACK COULDN'T PINCH HIT FOR A... A VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY!
IF WE GIVE BACK THE ROLE WE'RE GOING FOR BROKE! PHONE NICKY GORDON! HE'S BACK FROM HOLLYWOOD! OFFER NICKY THE PART— AT ANY COST!
OPERATOR! GET ME THE GLOBAL HOTEL.
NICKY, YOU'VE GOT TILL MONDAY NIGHT TO LEARN THE PART! NAME YOUR OWN SALARY. WE'VE GOT TO HAVE YOU!
THANKS FRED. I'VE SEEN THE SHOW A DOZEN TIMES! I'D LOVE TO DO IT!

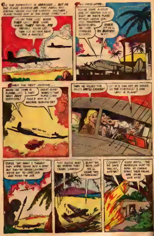

GREAT, RICKY! I'LL SEND YOU A SCRIPT TONIGHT!
IF THEY THINK I'LL LET MYSELF BE PUSHED AROUND, THEY'RE CRAZY!
SOON...
RICKY DIBBINS! I'LL GET RID OF YOU. THEN I'LL BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO PLAY ROMEO TONIGHT! HMMM... NO ONE... I DON'T WANT ANY BODY SEEING ME GO TO RICKY DIBBINS' APARTMENT...
YOU'RE FORGETTING THE EYES OF FATE! FATE FOLLOWS YOU EVERYWHERE AND SEES EVERYTHING.
I CAN'T RISK USING THE ELEVATOR
I DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN IN THE LOBBY...
NOW TO INTRODUCE MYSELF AS THE STAND-IN.
AND WHAT DIABOLICAL PLAN HAS CHARLIE THOUGHT OF? LET'S FOLLOW HIM AND SEE!
IN DIBBINS' APARTMENT...
I CAN'T GET OVER YOUR GENEROSITY, CHARLIE... COMING HERE ON YOUR OWN AND OFFERING TO HELP ME LEARN THE PART! WE'LL DRIVE DOWN TO MY COUNTRY RETREAT TONIGHT AND WORK UNDISTURBED UNTIL MONDAY!
EXCELLENT! I'LL RUN DOWN THE BLOCK TO BUY A TOOTHBRUSH! YOU CAN PICK ME UP ON THE CORNER OF NINTH AND MAIN... AFTER ALL, THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO KEEP THE SHOW GOING!
EVERYTHING'S GOING PERFECTLY, EH CHARLIE? NOBODY SAW YOU COME... NOBODY SAW YOU GO!
I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO STRANGLE DIBBINS BUT I THINK A MONKEY WRENCH WILL FIT THE BILL...
NOW SMART — IT FITS INTO YOUR OVERCOAT POCKET. AND DIBBINS WANTS TO USE A SHORT CUT ACROSS NEWCOMB SWAMPS! WHAT COULD BE MORE PERFECT?
NEWCOMB SWAMPS? YES, I KNOW THEM... SPENT TEN YEARS OF MY BOYHOOD IN THAT NECK OF THE WOODS!
NOTHING LIKE AN OUT OF THE WAY PLACE FOR STUDYING A NEW PART!
RI... I THINK YOUR REAR TIRE IS FLAT, RICKY! BETTER GET OUT AND CHECK

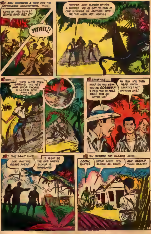

THE TIRE'S OKAY! IT MUST'VE BEEN YOUR IMAGINATION CHARLIE
MAYBE! I CAN IMAGINE ANYTHING, NICKY
AND SO IT'S DONE! HIS OBSESSING JEALOUSY COULD LEAD BUT TO ONE THING-- MURDER!
UGGGH
CRACK
NOBODY WILL FIND NICKY SIDDONS AFTER I GET HIM DEEP ENOUGH INTO THE SWAMP. FIVE MILES IN THE QUICKSAND WILL SWALLOW NICKY WHILE I RACE UP TO STARDOM! (PANT!) H-HE'S HEAVY!
YES... HE'S HEAVY... AND YOU'VE BEEN STAGGERING AROUND WITH A CORPSE ON YOUR BACK FOR AN HOUR! YOU'RE READY TO COLLAPSE! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GO ON! AFTER ALL, ONE MUST DISPOSE OF A BODY!
(GASP!) GOT TO REACH THE QUICKSAND... CAN'T (PANT!) STOP NOW
THEN AT THE EDGE OF THE QUICKSAND...
NOW TO GET RID OF THE UH-H-- MY NECK! S-SIDDONS!! (GASP!).. HIS ARMS ARE TIGHTENING AROUND MY THROAT... HE'S ALIVE!!
NO RACK! HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! VERY DEAD!
THE GRIP'S GETTING TIGHTER! (GASP!) ARGH-HH! H-HE'S CHOKING ME... I'VE G-GOT TO B-BREAK HIS GRIP! (GASP!)
BUT YOU CAN'T BREAK IT! YOU'VE EXHAUSTED YOUR STRENGTH CARRYING HIM HERE!
S-SIDDONS! LET GO! YOU'RE DRAGGING M-ME (ARRGH-H-H) DOWN! ARRGH!
AND THIS HEAVY WEIGHT IS MAKING YOU SINK DOWN INTO THE QUICKSAND!
SIDDONS COULDN'T HURT YOU CHARLIE RACK! HE WAS DEAD! SOMETHING FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE KILLED YOU - RIGOR MORTIS!! IT TIGHTENED SIDDONS' ARMS ABOUT YOUR NECK! TONIGHT, THE STAR PERFORMANCE WAS BY THAT MASTER ACTOR -- DEATH! -- SENT BY FATE TO DESTROY AN ENVIOUS KILLER!
The End

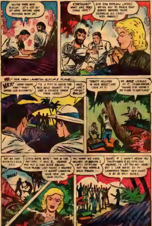

MR. RISK
MR. RISK! COME BACK! THEY'LL SEE YOU!
I MIGHT THINK SO! OUR ONE CHANCE IS TO GET THE SAVAGES TO CHARGE EN MASSE IN OUR DIRECTION! EITHER THEY FALL INTO OUR TIGER TRAP OR OUR HEADS WILL DECORATE THEIR HUNTING LODGES! IT'S A RISK WE MUST TAKE!
MR. RISK HAS EMBARKED ON MANY A FANTASTIC AND HARROWING ADVENTURE BUT NONE SO AMAZING AS HIS SEARCH FOR A LOST EXPLORER IN THE WILDS OF THE PERUVIAN JUNGLE. THRILLS ARE PILED UPON CHILLS AS MR. RISK STRUGGLES AGAINST THE MENACE OF NATURE AND MEN GONE WILD IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO FIND THE "PRISONER OF THE SEABELOS SAVAGES!!"
Wilson
AT MR. RISK'S MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE APARTMENT—
ANYTHING INTERESTING ON THE SHORT WAVE TONIGHT... ABDUL?
MASTER QUICK!!! SOMEONE CALLS YOUR NAME FROM SOUTH AMERICA!
MR. RISK! COME IN, MR. RISK!
ONLY SECONDS TO TALK! SAVAGES HEADED THIS WAY! MY NAME IS SLOCUM... CAPTURED BY THE SEABLOS! I'VE TWENTY MILLIONS IN GOLD! RISK... PLEASE RESCUE ME
GOOD HEAVENS! HIS VOICE IS FADING!

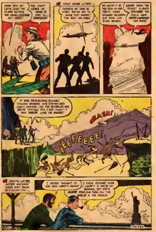

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE LISTEN, MASTER!
NOBODY BUT YOU, MR. RISK, WOULD DARE SEARCH THE SEABELOS JUNGLE! I'LL PAY ANYTHING! HERE THEY COME THE DEVILS!
RADIO IS SILENT, MASTER. CAN IT BE CRANK PLAYING JOKE?
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. I'LL CALL MIKE ROBERTS -- HE'S IN CHARGE OF THE DAILY MAIL NEWSPAPER MORGUE!!
MR. RISK PHONES, AND...
"GEORGE SLOCUM, MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY, SET OUT A YEAR AGO TO FIND $20,000,000 IN INCA GOLD IN THE WILDS OF THE PERUVIAN JUNGLE! HIS PLANE DISAPPEARED AND AFTER A SUPERFICIAL SEARCH HOPE WAS ABANDONED."
SOON
ABOUT THAT SHORT WAVE S.O.S. COULD BE VERY MUCH ON THE LEVEL! WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE MISSING EXPLORER'S NEAREST RELATIVE, LANGSTON SLOCUM, TONIGHT!
LATER
LANGSTON SLOCUM WON'T BE EXACTLY OVER-JOYED TO LEARN THAT GEORGE IS ALIVE! HE INHERITED GEORGE'S FORTUNE WHEN THE EXPLORER WAS PRESUMED DEAD.
THIS IS A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE! WHAT BRINGS THE FAMOUS MR. RISK TO SEE ME?
AN S.O.S. MESSAGE OVER MY SHORT WAVE RADIO! MR. SLOCUM, YOUR COUSIN GEORGE, IS VERY MUCH ALIVE IN THE PERUVIAN JUNGLE!
NONSENSE!! GEORGE'S PLANE WENT DOWN OVER THE SEABELOS COUNTRY! NO WHITE MAN EVER GOT OUT OF THAT REGION ALIVE! SOME RADIO HAM IS PLAYING A PRACTICAL JOKE ON YOU, MR. RISK!
THAT CAN BEST BE PROVED BY AN EXPEDITION


AN EXPEDITION IS OUT OF THE QUESTION! ONLY CRAZY MEN WOULD DARE SEARCH THAT WILD IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE!!
A MAN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE— A MAN FROM WHOM YOU INHERITED MILLIONS! YOU OWE IT TO YOUR COUSIN TO ORGANIZE A SEARCH!
AT THAT MOMENT, A NEW ARRIVAL...
DON'T ANNOUNCE ME, JASON! I'LL GO RIGHT IN!
I OWE GEORGE NOTHING!! I DIDN'T ASK HIM TO TRAIPSE OFF AFTER INCA GOLD AND I'M NOT GOING TO RISK MY LIFE IN A WILD GOOSE CHASE THROUGH HEAD-HUNTING COUNTRY EVEN IF GEORGE IS ALIVE AND HAS FOUND TWENTY MILLION IN GOLD!
THEN ABRA AND I WILL GO! YOU JUST PUT UP THE MONEY FOR THE PLANE AND EQUIPMENT!!
YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME!
LANGDON EARLING! IF YOU WON'T FINANCE A SEARCH PARTY, I WILL!
CYNTHIA!
WHERE WILL YOU GET THE MONEY? YOU'RE PENNILESS!
DON'T WORRY LANGDON, I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO PUTS HUMANITY BEFORE MONEY!
I FORBID YOU TO DO THIS CYNTHIA! I'M YOUR FIANCE NOW NOT GEORGE!
THEN WE'RE DIS-ENGAGED! TAKE YOUR RING YOU COWARD! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, MR. BREK!
I WAS ENGAGED TO GEORGE WHEN HE DISAPPEARED! I'LL DO ANYTHING TO FIND HIM! I'M NOT RICH BUT I HAVE WEALTHY FRIENDS!
THEY'LL BE AMPLY REPAID IF WE FIND GEORGE! REMEMBER HE HAS FOUND $20,000,000 IN GOLD!


SO, THE EXPEDITION IS ARRANGED... BUT AS THE PLANE BEARING MR. RISK, ABDUL AND CYNTHIA HEADS FOR THE HORIZON, ANOTHER PLANE TAKES OFF IN THE SAME DIRECTION!
FOLLOW THEM JOE. WHERE THEY LAND, WE LAND! WHERE THEY REFUEL, WE REFUEL! NEVER LET THEM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT FOR A MINUTE!!
TWO DAYS LATER...
YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB OF KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT OF RISK'S PLANE, WITHOUT LOSING 'EM, JOE! TOMORROW MORNING HE'LL BE OVER MEABLUS COUNTRY.
OVER? IT'LL BE BURIED IN IT!
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
BRING 'EM DOWN IN FLAMES, JOE! I DON'T WANT ANY SURVIVORS!
GREAT GUNS! WHERE'D THAT PLANE COME FROM? WHY IS IT MACHINE-GUNNING US?
RAT TAT TAT
THEY'VE KILLED THE PILOT! WE'LL CRASH!
NOT IF I CAN GET MY HANDS ON THE CONTROLS! I CAN LAND A PLANE!
CURSE THAT RISK! I THOUGHT THEY WERE GOING INTO A SPIN! BUT THEY'RE CRASH LANDING!! WE'VE GOT TO LAND, JOE AND FINISH THE JOB!
THAT SMOKE MUST BE WHERE THEY CRASH LANDED!
BLAST 'EM, BOYS AND WE'LL LEAVE THIS AFTERNOON!!
(COUGH!) WE SAVE THIS KIT, MASTER?
GOOD ABDUL. THE MEABLUS MUST'VE SEEN US COMING DOWN! THEIR DRUMS ARE GOING LIKE MAD!


RICK PREPARES A TRAP FOR THE APPROACHING HEADHUNTERS. THEN
COME ON, YOU DEVILS! COME AND GET IT!
YHIII!!
THEY'RE JUST SLOWED UP FOR A MINUTE! WE'VE GOT TO PILE UP ONE SURPRISE ON ANOTHER. GIVE ME THE MESH NET, ASSIU!
SOON
THIS LINE WILL SPRING THE NET AND STOP THOSE KILLERS FOR AWHILE.
MEANWHILE
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE SCARED? I PAID YOU TO KILL RUSH! NOW GO AFTER HIM!
AH RUN INTO THEM HEAD HUNTIN' LUNATICS? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
AT THE SAME TIME
LOOK, MASTER! VILLAGE AHEAD!
IT MIGHT BE THE ONE WHERE GLORIA IS IMPRISONED.
RICK ENTERS THE VILLAGE AND
LOOK, MASTER.
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S GLORIA ALL RIGHT!
MR. RUSH!! THANK HEAVEN!
5


YOU'RE FREE NOW SLOCUM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THOSE SAVAGES SHOW UP!
CYNTHIA!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
SHE CAN EXPLAIN LATER! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THAT PLANE BEFORE THOSE SAVAGES GO CRAZY WITH ANGER!
NOT FAR FROM LANGSTON SLOCUM'S PLANE .
HEY! HERE COMES FUN -- RIGHT UNDER OUR GUNSIGHTS!
IT'S A PITY TO LEAVE THE MICA GOLD BEHIND! IT'S JUST A STONE'S THROW FROM HERE!
WAIT, JOE! LISTEN! GOLD!!
TWENTY MILLIONS IN MICA GOLD! JUST LOOK AT IT!
WE ARE LOOKING AT IT, COUSIN GEORGE! THANKS FOR HIDING IT SO CLOSE TO OUR PLANE!
NOT SO FAST WITH THE GUN, JOE!
BANG!
CHECK-MATE BOYS! THIS IS THE PAY-OFF! IT WAS I, GEORGE WHO PUT A TIME BOMB ABOARD YOUR PLANE LAST YEAR! I FIGURED I'D MARRY LANGSTON YOUR HEIR, ON YOUR DEATH...
YOU KNEW WE WERE WASHED UP BEFORE I LEFT! I'D FIGURED OUT YOU WERE A GOLD-DIGGER
RIGHT! IF I HADN'T HEARD YOU DISCOVERED $20,000,000 GEORGE, I'D LET YOU ROT HERE! BUT I LIKE GOLD! SO DO LANGSTON'S THUGS! HOW ABOUT A 50-50 SPLIT, BOYS?


C'MON WITH US! LET'S LOAD THE PLANE BEFORE THE HEAD-HUNTERS GET HERE!
YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE TO DIE! I'LL... AAARGHH!
A HALF HOUR LATER...
THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THAT RIDGE! THIS WAY, MR. RISK!
WE MADE IT BY THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH. THOSE SAVAGES FOLLOWED OUR TRAIL LIKE BLOOD HOUNDS.
LOOK! RICK! THE PLANE! S-SHE'S DIVING! THE FOOLS HAVE OVER-LOADED HER NOSE.
IT WAS RETRIBUTION GLOOM! CIVILIZED SAVAGES LIKE CYRUS AND JUNGLE SAVAGES LIKE THE JIBAROS ARE BOTH DESTINED FOR A BAD FINISH! IT WAS THEIR LIVES OR OURS!
CRASH!
EEEEEEE!
A MONTH LATER, AFTER HACKING THEIR WAY BACK TO CIVILIZATION...
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE MISS LIBERTY AGAIN!
I KNOW GEORGE. MISS LIBERTY IS MADE OF BRONZE, BUT SHE'S MORE PRECIOUS THAN ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD!
THE END

SHOOT ON SIGHT

By Roy Masters

TEARS streamed down the kid's face. The kid's friend was Corporal James Page of the New York State Police. And Corporal Jim now lay on a cot in the trooper's lodge. There were four bullet holes in the dying Jim Page—and all of them in the back.

Corporal Jim's buddies were grey-uniformed statues about the cot. There was not a sound in the little lodge as these Troopers of the Black Hill Station looked helplessly upon the passing of a swell guy.

The freckle faced kid stood there like a sick stone. He was a lad of about twelve years. No one knew his right age. And no one knew his right name. He didn't even remember it himself. The friendly good-natured state troopers called him "Buff." He had walked into their lodge at the beginning of the summer and without a word had started polishing their boots, their shoes, their motorcycles and their cars. They took to Buff—and Buff took to them.

Corporal Jim Page had been shot by the hunted fugitive, Dawton, who was loose in the nearby woods. The corporal's .45 Colt and his shoes were missing. Buff was thinking of those things when he heard the whispered words.

"Jim, I'll get that yellow rat—for you."

State Trooper Herb Stuart had spoken those words. He stood right beside the kid, and his hard, grey eyes were on the pain twisted face of the dying Corporal Jim. Herb Stuart was a big fellow with sandy hair and a mouth that curled easily into a good-humored smile. But there was not the ghost of a smile on those lips when he muttered:

"I promise, Jim—I'll get Dawton. I'll blast him with my own gun. It's a promise, Jim."

"Amen," said Buff solemnly.

Herb Stuart glanced down into the kid's tear-streaked, freckled face. Buff stuck out his hand. The trooper looked at it, then his own big paw closed firmly over it.

Buff murmured "We'll—get Dawton."

A low whisper came from Corporal Jim's feverish lips. "Thanks—my friends." Jim Page's head rolled to one side and he began his new patrol in the dim Valley of the Shadow.

THE FRECKLE-FACED KID moved upstairs with his shine-box. As he neared the room shared by Trooper Stuart and Trooper Rankin, he heard Rankin's voice:

"Why do you figure that killer took Jim's shoes?"

Then Herb Stuart's slow deliberate tones came through the doorway. "The damp prison shoes must have been torn off his feet. There's some rocky country around here."

Trooper Rankin grunted. "I'd like to get a crack at Dawton when we close in on those woods to-morrow."

"That," said Herb Stuart, "is the greatest ambition of my life." The trooper rammed a cleaning rod into the long barrel of his Colt. "Dawton killed two guards breaking out of the pen. And now—a state trooper. I aim to keep my promise to Jim."

Buff came into the room, laid his shine-box on the floor and quietly went to work. The two troopers talked on about the converging tactics that would be used in tomorrow's manhunt. Buff listened as he worked. When he finished with the shoes, he stepped out into the hallway. The open door of Corporal Jim Page's room brought a hard lump to Buff's throat. He walked slowly into the room which was cold with a solitary orderliness. Buff opened the closet door for one last look at Corporal Jim's boots. The kid had always made a rite of polishing shoes for his friend.

Several pairs of gleaming-black shoes were arranged on a rack on the floor of the closet. Buff leaned over, picked up one of the shoes. He held it tightly in his polish-blackened hands. His friend's shoes had always been somewhat of a problem to Buff. Strangely enough, he remembered that now, as he looked down at the toe. It was a right shoe, and the toe was scarred under the gloss of polish.

That scar, Buff remembered, was caused by a habit of Jim Page's. For whenever the corporal had lounged in a chair, he invariably let the spur on his left heel rest on his right shoe-toe. Buff could picture Corporal Jim sitting like that—and in that very chair across the room. The kid put the shoe back on the rack and started down the corridor again. As he passed Herb Stuart's room, the trooper called out.

"Come here, Buff." When the kid stepped into the room, Stuart went on. "Jim tried to teach you how to shoot, didn't he?"

"Yes, Trooper Stuart," said Buff. "Gee, he was—a swell guy."

Herb Stuart nodded his head soberly to that. Then "I just wanted to tell you, Buff, that I won't let your shooting get rusty."

The first glimmer of a smile that had touched the kid's face in hours came into being. "That's great, Trooper Stuart. Gee, you're the best shot in the whole State police."

DAY passed into night, and the next morning came. Buff had breakfast with Herb Stuart. Then the trooper went into the garage, got his motorcycle and wheeled it to the graveled driveway. Other troopers were there with their steel steeds. The sergeant in charge of the lodge stood with one foot on the running board of his car, and consulted a map. Finally the sergeant looked up saying:

"We're going to ride two miles down the Pike to meet the boys from the Round Rock Station. Together will form the right flank. The Clearview Patrol is pushing down from the north. Ten men from the barracks will cover the south and east edges of the woods. The killer hasn't a chance in a million of getting away." The sergeant cleared his throat then added, significantly: "I have no orders to give."

Every one of the six troopers knew what that meant. Tight, grim smiles came to their faces. They could shoot on sight—to kill.

Buff too, knew what was in the minds of those grey-garbed troopers. And Buff felt that it should be Herb Stuart and he who took Dawton. For they had promised it to the dying Jim Page.

Two hours later, Buff was still thinking of that. The troopers had roared off on their manhunt in the nearby woods. No shots were heard to tell Buff that Killer Dawton had been sighted. Buff wandered into the garage, and looked at Corporal Jim's coffee-colored car. The kid knew that another corporal would be coming up to the Black Hill Lodge to replace Jim Page. Buff wondered what the replacement would be like. He stuck a stick of gum into his mouth as he wondered.

It then occurred to Buff that Corporal Jim's car should be polished and ready for the newcomer. Buff made his way down into the basement to the closet where he kept his working utensils. He opened the closet door and reached down for the can of cleaner and wax. The kid almost swallowed his chewing gum.

For a pair of black shoes stuck out from under the slicker hanging from the peg. Bending down as he was, Buff got a good look at those shoes. Recognition came like a bolt of lightning into his brain. The right shoe—had a scuffed toe. And that scuff looked as if it might have been made with a spur.

Buff forced his eyes not to jump up at the slicker. He picked up the can of cleaner and wax, and turning his back on the now ominous slicker he stepped out of the closet. It took every ounce of his will-power to slowly close that closet door. Yet, he did it. His young body was bathed in cold sweat. Now that he was outside the door he almost collapsed against it.

Getting a grip on himself he made his feet walk slowly across the concrete cellar floor and up the stairs. He started toward the office. Rankin would be there maybe several other troopers. Then Buff stopped—as he remembered the words Trooper Stuart had spoken to the dying Corporal Jim.

"I promise, Jim—I'll get Dawton. I'll blast him with my own gun. It's a promise, Jim."

And Buff remembered his own words: "Amen."

The kid stood very still in the hallway. He had made a promise with Herb Stuart. It was a sacred promise because it had been made over the dying.

Buff sat down at the head of the cellar steps to puzzle it out. He couldn't go back on Herb Stuart. Anyway, there was only one way out of the cellar and that was up the stairs. He would wait here at the top of the staircase. If Killer Dawton tried to escape from the closet, Buff would yell and bring every trooper at the lodge on the run.

IT seemed hours to the nervous wrought-up kid before he heard Trooper Stuart ride into the garage. Then he heard Stuart's voice.

"It won't be long now, partner. We'll get him."

Buff slowly rose to his feet, his mind still groping. He hesitated a moment before saying, "Guess you'll need some patience, Trooper Stuart. This Dawton is a sure shot."

Herb Stuart folded his gauntlets over his Sam Browne belt. "I think I can handle him."

Buff scratched his chin. "I dunno. Dawton is awful good. I'm worried about you, Trooper Stuart. Now, Corporal Jim and me—" Buff stopped talking and began chewing his gum.

"You and Corporal Jim—what?" asked Stuart. He cuffed his tan campaign hat to the back of his head, looked down curiously at the kid.

"Well," said Buff. "Corporal Jim had me shooting at little things—like quarters. But I couldn't hit 'em. He could, though—every time."

A good natured smile came to Stuart's face. "Don't worry about me, Buff. Why, I can hit a dime—as far away as I can see it."

Buff chewed his gum in a thoughtful manner. "Wish I could be sure," he said, slowly. "If you'd just try once, I'd sure feel better."

Trooper Stuart chuckled, clapped his hand on Buff's shoulder. Then he took a dime from his pocket. "Come on outside, youngster."

Buff shook his head. "Let's go down in the cellar. It's the same distance there that Corporal Jim and me used to shoot at quarters."

The trooper eyed Buff. "What's eating you, kid? You're looking white around the gills."

"Guess I'm just worried," said Buff.

"All right. All right. I'll get your mind at ease. Lead the way."

Buff went down the steps as lightly as a cat, quickly crossed the cellar on his toes. Taking the gum from his mouth, he put it on the dime the trooper had given him. Then he noiselessly pasted the dime on the closet door, pasted it about half way down. By that time, Trooper Stuart reached the cellar floor.

Stuart's eyes followed Buff's pointing finger to the dime on the door. The trooper said: "That will cost the State a carpenter job. Find another—"

"Is it too far away?" taunted Buff.

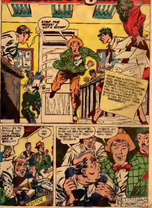
Trooper Stuart shrugged in resignation. He whipped out his heavy 45 Colt. He didn't seem to aim, just squeezed the trigger. A deafening roar filled the cellar.

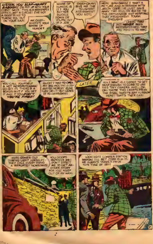
Buff looked at the door. The dime was nowhere in sight, but there was a hole in the flimsy panel where it had been pasted. Very slowly, Buff went over and turned the knob on the door. He pulled it open, looked down at the floor. What he saw brought a little smile to his freckled face. He suddenly cocked his head, as if listening. For he thought he had heard a low whisper—a whisper coming from a vast distance.

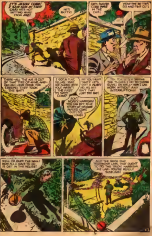
"Thanks—my friends."

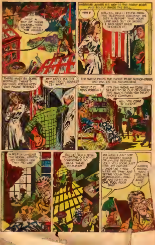
THE END

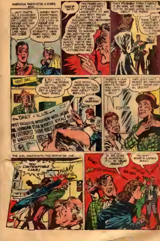
HURRY-UP Harrigan

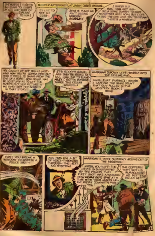

STOP THE PRESS! I GOT A SCOOP!
SHOW HIM A PRETTY GIRL AND WATCH HIS SPEED! ONCE HE SMELLS ADVENTURE, THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM! BUT HE'S REALLY A BALL OF FIRE WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING HEADLINES—EVEN IF HE HAS TO MAKE THEM HIMSELF!
STAND BY TO REMAKE THE FRONT PAGE! HARRIGAN HAS A SCOOP!
AH ME!
EDITOR
FINLEY—THE REWRITE—IS ON HIS WAY IN! WE'RE ALL READY FOR YOU! WHAT'S THE STORY?
TODAY'S MY BIRTHDAY! HEH! HEH!

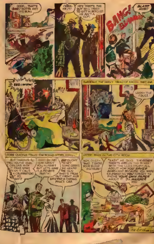

LISTEN, YOU SLAP-HAPPY BABOON! I'M FED UP WITH YOUR CORNY GAGS. THIS IS A NEWSPAPER OFFICE, NOT A CIRCUS! I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO THROW YOU OUT ON YOUR EAR!
AW CHIEF-- WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR?
SENSE OF HUMOR, IS IT? YOU BETTER BUCKLE DOWN OR YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB!
OKAY-OKAY! GIVE ME THE TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENT YOU GOT!
HERE, BIRD-BRAIN! I WANT A PICTURE AND INTERVIEW WITH JASON COBB. HE JUST GAVE AWAY TWO MILLION BUCKS TO THE ORPHANAGE AND HOSPITAL! THAT ASSIGNMENT TOUGH ENOUGH?
OHH! THAT GUY NEVER SEES NEWSPAPERMEN! THEY ARE POISON TO HIM!
YOU CALL YOURSELF A HOT NEWSPAPERMAN! GO GET IT! THERE'S A BONUS IN IT IF YOU GET IT AND IF YOU DON'T, YOU'RE FIRED!
OUCH! I HAD TO OPEN MY BIG MOUTH! BUT-MAYBE NOBODY ELSE CAN DO IT--BUT LEAVE IT TO HARRIGAN!
LATER
ALL I WANT IS A CHANCE TO GET NEAR ENOUGH TO COBB TO USE THIS TINY CAMERA AND ... OH, OH-THOSE TWO CREEPS FROM THE RIVAL SHEETS ARE ALREADY HERE! THAT'S THEIR CAR!
HERE COMES OLD SHINING LIGHT HIMSELF! THEY CALL EVERYTHING A REPORTER NOWADAYS!
YOU DOOPS IMPRESS ME! DON'T EXPECT ME TO GET ANOTHER STORY FOR YOU. KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!
LOOK! HERE COMES A STATION WAGON! I'LL BET COBB IS IN IT. HE ALWAYS TAKES A DRIVE THIS TIME OF DAY!


IT'S JASON COBB! I SAW HIM IN THAT CAR! HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY FROM ME!
HE'S BATTY!
HEY- MAYBE COBB WAS IN THE CAR!
YEAH- WE BETTER GO AND FIND OUT!
THERE- ALL THE AIR IS OUT OF THAT TIRE OF MINE, AND- OH-OH- HERE COME THE CREEPS! THEY TOOK THE BAIT!
I GOT A FLAT, FELLAS. TAKE ME ALONG WITH YOU! WASN'T I THE FIRST TO SPOT COBB?
DID YOU HEAR THAT? HE'S GOT A FLAT! HO, HO, HO! ISN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD!
DON'T WORRY, HARRIGAN! YOU CAN GET YOUR STORY AFTER OUR PAPERS COME OUT! SO LONG!
TCH, TCH, IT'S A SHAME THE THINGS I DO TO THOSE GUYS! OH WELL- NOW I CAN WORK WITHOUT ANY INTERRUPTIONS!
WELL, I'M OVER THE WALL! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET IN THE HOUSE!
AH- THE GOOD OLD TELEPHONE LINE! THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK! HARRIGAN ME LAD- YOU'RE REALLY SIZZLING!


FIRST, A SNIP OF THESE SHEARS... THEN TO GET INTO THE HOUSE!
HARRIGAN MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FRONT DOOR AND BOLDLY RINGS THE BELL...
YES?
WELL-L-L, HELLO! ER-I'M FROM THE TELEPHONE COMPANY! WE GOT A REPORT THAT YOUR LINE WAS OUT OF ORDER! I WAS SENT OVER TO CHECK IT!
THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH OUR PHONE SERVICE!
WHY DON'T YOU GO IN AND TRY IT, DEARIE? I'LL WAIT!
THE NURSE FINDS THE PHONE TO BE OUT-OF-ORDER, AND INVITES THE REPORTER IN.
WHAT IS IT, MISS ROBBINS?
IT'S OUR PHONE, MR. ROSS! IT SEEMS TO BE OUT OF ORDER! THIS MAN IS FROM THE TELEPHONE COMPANY!
WILL YOU COME IN, PLEASE!
NURSE IS LEAVING THE ROOM. HERE'S MY CHANCE FOR THAT PICTURE!
BUT... FIRST I HAVE TO GET THE OLD BOY'S CONFIDENCE SO HE'LL TALK! HMMMM
MR. ROSS, I JUST GOT THE BIGGEST SHOCK OF MY LIFE SEEING YOU! YOU LOOK JUST LIKE MY FATHER -- MOST AS IF YOU WERE HIS TWIN! AND SEEING YOU IN THAT WHEELCHAIR! -- WELL-- HE HAD TO SIT IN ONE, TOO! POOR DAD!
INDEED, YOUNG MAN! TELL ME MORE ABOUT IT!
4


HARRIGAN FABRICATES A STORY, AND...
...AND THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER ABOUT HIM! (SIGH) OF COURSE, HE NEVER HAD ANY MILLIONS TO GIVE AWAY LIKE YOU, MR. COBB!
MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING, YOUNG MAN! I'VE LIVED IN FEAR FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS! SEVERAL ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN MADE ON MY LIFE!
YOU? WHY?
TEN YEARS AGO I WAS A DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN A LARGE CITY! IT WAS I WHO SENT ROCKY BELLOWS TO THE GALLOWS— YOU REMEMBER THAT NOTORIOUS KILLER! HIS BROTHERS— THREE OF THEM— SWORE TO AVENGE HIM AND THEY'VE HUNTED ME EVER SINCE! IT BROKE MY HEALTH! THAT'S WHY I CAN'T AFFORD PUBLICITY! THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR ME!
THEY PROBABLY FORGOT ABOUT IT BY NOW, MR. COBB! WELL, I GOTTA GO AND MAKE MY REPORT ABOUT THE PHONE!
I DON'T THINK THEY FORGOT—BUT IT WAS NICE TALKING TO YOU, YOUNG MAN!
NEXT DAY...
I TOLD YOU I'D GET THE STORY! WAIT'LL THOSE OTHER SHEETS GET A LOAD OF THAT YARN!
NICE WORK, HARRIGAN! I'LL TALK TO THE OLD MAN ABOUT THAT BONUS!
HEY, HARRIGAN!
DAILY BLADE
FIRST EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH JASON
HARRIGAN STAR REPORTER REVEALS
PHILANTHROPIST SHUNS PUBLICITY
BY GANGSTERS!
THERE'S A LADY OUTSIDE THAT WANTS TO SEE YOU— AND SHE AIN'T BAD!
THEY JUST CAN'T RESIST MY PERSONALITY! SHOW HER IN, OSCAR!
EDITOR
THE GIRL CONFRONTS THE REPORTER, AND...
YOU CONTEMPTIBLE LIAR!
SLAP!
HAW!
HA-HA
IF MR. COBB IS MURDERED— IT'LL BE YOUR FAULT!
OH BABY— WHAT A LADIES' MAN!
HA-HA!


I GUESS I OUGHTA GO OVER TO GIBBS'S PLACE AND SORT OF EXPLAIN TO HIM!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AT JASON GIBBS'S ESTATE
I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. GIBBS—
BEAT IT, PUNK! HE AIN'T SEEING NOBODY. SCRAM!
I GUESS OLD MAN GIBBS GOT HIMSELF SOME GUARDS TO KEEP REPORTERS AWAY NOW, BUT I GOTTA SEE THE GIRL AND TRY TO EXPLAIN! THERE'S A WINDOW—!
WE CAUGHT UP WIT' YOU AT LAST—AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA FIND OUT HOW IT FEELS TO SWING FROM THE END OF A ROPE! HOW COULD YUH BE SO STUPID AS TO LET THE PAPERS PUT YER PICTURE IN? WE EVEN GOT YER ADDRESS IN THAT STORY!
IT'S ROCKY'S GANG—AND THEY'RE GOING TO KILL HIM! I'M TO BLAME—ME! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING. THE CELLAR WINDOW—!
HARRIGAN QUICKLY LETS HIMSELF INTO THE CELLAR, AND...
HMM. THAT FURNACE! MAYBE I CAN USE THE SAME STUNT THAT GUY PULLED IN THE MYSTERY BOOK I READ
FIRST YOU BREAK A WINDOW TO IMITATE A POLICE SHOT—!
AND NOW FOR A BIT OF VOICE-THROWING THROUGH THE HEATING SYSTEM!
HARRIGAN'S VOICE SUDDENLY BOOMS OUT OF THE REGISTER!
LISTEN, YOU GUYS—THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED BY THE POLICE! THAT FIRST SHOT WAS A WARNING! NOW COME OUT ONE AT A TIME WITH YOUR HANDS UP—OR WE'RE COMIN' IN FOR YOU!
THE COPPERS! THEY GOT US SURROUNDED! WE BETTER DO AS HE SAYS!


OOOF... THAT'S ONE! GOTTA GET HIS GUN!
OHH-NE?!?
HEY THAT'S THE GUY WHO TRIED TO GET IN BEFORE! HE AIN'T A COP!
BANG! BLAM!
BLAST HIM!
BZZOWWW!
BANG!
SUDDENLY THE HEAVY TREAD OF RACING FEET AND...
LOOK— THE POLICE!
COBB QUICKLY TELLS THE WHOLE STORY AND...
...THANKS TO THIS YOUNG MAN I CAN LIVE WITH OUT FEAR NOW! I THINK IT CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
[illegible] HOW ABOUT YOU, NURSE? BUT LET'S MAKE IT A PRIVATE PARTY
WE OUGHT TO GET SOME CREDIT! WE HEARD THE GUN SHOTS FROM OUT FRONT AND STOPPED A PASSING POLICE CAR
LATER BACK IN THE CITY ROOM
NOW, CHIEF— TAKE IT EASY! YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE!
"EASY" HE SAYS. THE OTHER SHEETS ARE ON THE STREET WITH THE COBB STORY—ALL ABOUT HOW YOU SAVED HIM—AND BECAUSE YOU WERE CELEBRATING YOU FORGOT TO PHONE YOUR OWN PAPER ABOUT IT. I'LL MURDER YOU
EDITOR
The End...